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TALES.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A LAD was toiling up a steep hill near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon, of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer, who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden was almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would never reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket it felt heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket, when he stopped, and turned round, almost unable to proceed, when a gentleman overtook him, and said kindly—

"That's a heavy load you have my boy; come let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket, and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There. Do you think you can get along now?" said he with a smile, as he sat the basket down, "or shall I carry it a little further?"

"Oh, no, thank you sir," returned the boy, with a glow of gratitude on his fine young face. "I can carry it now, very well—and I am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman, and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a care-worn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low, sweet voice, and a hand was laid gently on the old man's arm.

"Is it you dear," he returned with a low sigh.

"Yes papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate the fingers, the thin grey locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for this evening Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect, a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly; yet sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in, but the moment she retired, he became agitated, and arose and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to walk to and fro for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly,

and listened. The street door bell had rung,—in a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said with a slight perceptible embarrassment.

"Mr. Page," replied the old man, with a feeble quickly fading smile. "Good evening," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped his hand, and shook it warmly. But there was no pressure in return.

"Sit down Mr. Page."

The man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat down near him.

"You promised an answer to my proposal, to night," said the former, after a short pause.

"I did," returned the old man; but am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact I have not had time, or opportunity to say any thing to Florence on the subject."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and something like a frown darkened upon his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes, after which Page said—

"Mr. Mason, I have made an honorable proposition for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded, and still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to think that just cause for offence existed."

"None is intended, I assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something like deprecation in his tone. "But you must remember, Mr. Page, that you have never sought to win the young girl's affections, and that as of a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish me to make to her, will be received with surprise, and it may be disapproval. I wish to approach her on this subject, with proper discretion. To be precipitate, may startle her with instant repugnance to your wishes."

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Page, with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassment. Show her how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin, and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife, you are removed from all danger. Will you do this?"

The old man did not reply. He was in a deep reverie. It is doubtful whether he had heard all that the man had said.

"Will you do this?" repeated Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered with great firmness and dignity.

"Mr. Page, the struggle in my mind is over. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit, and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter, she must remain perfectly

free. Approach her as a man, and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

As if stung by a serpent, Page started from his chair.

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted—"and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand; you listened to them, gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to-night. Now you meet me with insult! Sir! you will repent this."

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed his head in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come.

For a long time after his angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and recross the floor with measured tread. At last he rung a bell, and directed a servant who came, to say to Florence that he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he said in a trembling voice. "I have something to say to you that must no longer be concealed."

Florence looked wondering into her father's face, while her heart began to sink.

Just then servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking man just in the prime of life. Florence quickly retired, but not before the visitor had fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," he said, as soon as the young girl had left the room—"but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller, & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed, and said—

"I know your house very well; and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes, you have bought one or two bills of goods of us," replied the visitor. Then, after a moment's pause, he said in a changed voice—

"Mr. Mason, I learn to-night, from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are in fact, on the eve of bankruptcy. Tell me frankly whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity. Nor from a concealed sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," urged the stranger.—"Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me, if your strength be indeed failing. Tell me, then; is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you,? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from present embarrassment?"

"Fully."

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason.—That sum you shall have. To-morrow morning I will see you. Good evening. And the visitor arose, and was gone before the bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand at 30 days for the ten thousand more, which was almost the same amount of the money.

While the check and note, lay before him upon the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a self-sacrificing friend and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this. Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh, no. You once did me a service that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly.

"Did you service? When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man, "I was a poor boy, and you a man of wealth. One hot day, I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly but took my basket, and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often afterward, did I meet you in the street, and look into your face with pleasure. But you did not remember me. Ever since, I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others, and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know.

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, sir, a very little matter, and not entitled to the importance that you have given."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer. "I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. And now let me return the favor, at the first opportunity, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward again in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his true feelings. The Bread cast upon the water had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness.

The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all. The glimpse which Mr. Greer had re-

ceived of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterward he led her to the altar.

A kind, act is never lost, though, done to a child.

MISCELLANY.

MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN may be made amiable, obedient and respectful, if duly directed and governed when young. They are naturally docile and affectionate. Those traits of character should be nursed and strengthened. But how often are they neglected, how often blunted and destroyed! If neglected, they are not sure to grow or continue so. If subject to unkind, harsh, arbitrary and severe treatment on the part of parents, all their natural docility and original affectionate feelings will be destroyed or much impaired. Children are not born demons, they have a capacity for good, for moral improvement, a kind and genial soil may be found in their hearts, if the seeds of kindness and truth are duly sown. Indeed, they are naturally found there, and only want a judicious, faithful and affectionate hand for the work of culture and improvement.—Children naturally love and respect their parents; and are disposed to be kind and obedient. If they become otherwise, it is because of the neglect, or severity or unfaithfulness of parents, or because of early falling into bad company, when no parent is near to restrain or advise. Ask them, the parents, if they intend their children should be honest, kind and useful when they grow up; and if they do, let them remember, that kindness and mildness, with a proper degree of firmness, and with faithful attention, are indispensable on their part.

JUDGMENT BEFORE ARGUMENT.

Long time ago there dwelt in a city of the West, not far from Pittsburg, a worthy gentleman who held the responsible office of justice of the peace. He knew some little about law, and a great deal of natural justice. His decisions frequently excited the indignation of the young lawyers who pleaded before him, but he never suffered himself to be influenced by the statutes which were brought up against his opinions, or the indirect threats of disappointed law expounders. In fact, his office was a court of equity in every sense. It was useless to bring law in opposition to his sense, of right.—He used to say, "I am a justice and bound to administer justice, and no petty technicalities shall ever make me decide against the teachings of my conscience." It is hardly necessary to say that many curious things happened in the office of this independent justice.

A case was one day brought before the Squire which certainly required his peculiar system of administering justice. John Doe had sued Richard Roe for a just debt, but Richard had, by the aid of an attorney, found a loophole by which he expected to creep out of the necessity of payment. The case wore a very doubtful aspect, and both parties employed lawyers to plead for them.

The Squire heard the witnesses patiently, rose to his feet, wrote a few seconds at his desk, seated himself again, and gave signs of being ready to attend to whatever might be said. The counsel for

the defence made the most of his quibble in a speech which lasted an hour. When he had concluded, the plaintiff's counsel rose, and labored and perspired. He also finished; and then followed a slight pause. The Squire sat still, puffing a segar, and apparently quite at ease. The lawyers both picked up their hats, looked at each other, and then at the motionless Squire. At length the counsel for defendant spoke.

"I suppose you'll require a day or two to think about this case Squire."

"Can't say I'll ever think of it again," replied the Squire, with an air of mingled indolence and indifference.

"What do you mean?" inquired the other lawyer.

"What do *you* mean, gentlemen?" asked the Squire.

"We wish to know when we may look for a decision," said defendant's counsel.

"You may look for it now if you please, gentlemen—here is the docket."

"The docket!"

"Yes; I entered judgment for the plaintiff (looking at his watch) *a little better than two hours ago.*"

"This gentlemen is my——"

But the lawyers did not wait until the sentence was finished, nor did they ever again appear before the just justice without being sure that they dealt in plain facts, unaccompanied by law technicalities and quibbles.

NEGRO SHREWDNESS.

A GENTLEMAN sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to the stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed. "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." What are you doing then, sir? "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what did you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask him what news at sea?—that's all massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says, he don't know; he no been dere dese *three weeks!*"

MAKE HASTE TO BE RICH.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

MEN are warned in the Bible against making haste to be rich. "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." This is spoken not of the alacrity of enterprise, but of the precipitancy of avarice. This is an evil eye which leads man into trouble by incorrect vision. When a man seeks to prosper by crafty tricks, instead of careful industry; when a man's inordinate covetousness pushes him across the line of honesty, that he may sooner clutch the prize; when gambling speculation would reap where it had not sown; when men gain riches by crimes—there is an evil eye, which guides them through a specious prosperity, to inevitable ruin.

So dependent is success upon patient industry, that he who seeks it otherwise, tempts his own ruin. A young lawyer, unwilling to wait for that practice which is the reward of a good reputation, or unwilling to earn that reputation by severe application, rushes through the dirty paths of chican-

nery to a hasty prosperity; and he rushes from it by the dirtier path of discovered villany.

A young politician, scarcely waiting until the law allows his majority, sturdily begs the popularity he should have patiently earned. In the ferocious conflicts, of political life, cunning, intrigue, falsehood, slander, vituperative violence, at first sustain his pretensions, and then demolish them.

It is thus in all the ways of traffic, in all the arts and trades. That prosperity which grows like the mushroom, is as poisonous as the mushroom. Few men are destroyed, but many destroy themselves.

He who relies on the exertions of other to take him through the world, is a mere dependent; and is perpetually the sport of their whims and caprices, of their favor or aversion. He may one day be basking in the sunshine of popular favor, and the next struggling in the slough of their neglect.—That man alone is truly independent who relies upon his own exertions, to the exclusion of foreign aid. Besides, such a one will generally be deemed more worthy of favor or assistance than he who has never shown himself capable by his own untided efforts. There is a proverb that, "God helps those who help themselves." Such also is generally the case with men.

A judge and joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of men into animals:

"Now," says the judge, "suppose you and I were turned out into a horse and an ass; which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why" rejoined the judge.

"Because," was the lawyer's reply, "I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse never!"

POOR PAY.—"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter?" said the old man; "Why, I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye 'spose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."

"Ninepence! She told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!"

POWER.—Will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough, to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed he can no longer answer for himself.

A good story was told us, the other day, of an answer given by a returned volunteer, who was stumping along the street with but one peg, to a saucy impertinent coxcomb, who asked him how the deuce he happened to lose his leg? "Why," said he, "it's getting very vulgar now to walk on two legs—everybody does it, so I took mine off."

"I can't stand this," exclaimed a good housewife to a Connecticut pedlar;—"I didn't find a

word of fault with your *sassafras* nutmegs, 'cause I know'd you couldn't afford real 'uns so cheap—and there was some spicy taste to 'em; but the last you sold me was made out of *white oak*. I declare that's a little too bad, by a darned site!"

"I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Oaerreach, who was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig box when he traveled, to pick up the oats the horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning."

A FRENCH child said to a parish priest, "Why is it, my father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking for our bread every week, or month or a year?" "Why, you little goose, so as to always have it fresh."

"I say Jim, can you spell potatoes with only one letter?"

"No, neither can you, you fool."

"Now I reckon I can, you fool."

"Let's have it then."

"Well, we will put one o—put two o's—put three o's—put four o's—put five o's—put six o's—put seven o's—put eight o's?"

COCKNEY WIT.—Louis Philippe is said to have arrived in England without his wig; whereupon a cockney witling perpetrated the following:

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ran,
And tore off his wig like a desperate man;
His children came rushing, pell-mell, into town,
And found that papa had no heirs to his crown,

A LADY passing along one of our streets one morning, noticed a little boy, who was scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purposes of clearing off the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence!"

"No it ain't ma'am," replied the boy, "it is salt!"—*Lynn News*.

If a lady were lame in the arm and in the left leg, if she were blind in one eye and couldn't see with the other, if she had no teeth and her gums were worn off, if she were club-footed, and had a cancer on her nose, and if she had a spit fire temper, forty-nine negroes, with seventy-five thousand dollars, how many suitors would she have?

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true."

"I accept the offer," said the President; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

A COUNTRY clergyman observed to his friend that upon the last Sabbath, he was much disturbed by a cow who looked in at the door, and bellowed in his face. "Sir," says the other, "she saw a calf in the pulpit!"

"I SAY, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hold in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

A MERCHANT advertising goods for sale, gives notice that he will take in payment all kinds of country produce, except *promises*!

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THE present number completes the 24th volume of the Repository. It has been our chief study throughout the year to render our work as worthy of the liberal patronage it receives, as any publication of the kind now printed; how far we have succeeded in the attempt, we submit to the candor of our patrons to decide: we however feel no small degree of assurance that our attempt has not been entirely unavailing. We tender our thanks for the liberal assistance we have derived from the several able correspondents, who have contributed their communications for our columns and earnestly solicit a continuance of their favours.

We would call the attention of our present subscribers to our Prospectus on the last page; in which they will perceive that the subscription price is considerably reduced to Clubs, and is more advantageous to small Clubs, than it has ever been.—Will not every one of our present subscribers obtain three or five, subscribers to the 25th volume, or at least one—we are sure that there is not a single subscriber who cannot obtain one or more,—then why not do it? It would increase our subscription list and therefore enable us to give a better variety of reading matter and embellishments.

We would also state that the Postage law is such that we cannot send a separate Prospectus without paying a postage of three cents on each one, and as we would have four or five thousand to distribute, it would cost a larger sum than we can afford, and the Prospectus on the last page contains all you would receive—the terms to Clubs are as low as can possibly be afforded. We hope that all who take an interest in the welfare of the Repository, will endeavor to obtain as many subscribers, as possible.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. S. Flint, \$1.00; P. M. Burlington Flats, N. Y. \$7.00; N. M. McC. Fulton, N. Y. \$2.00;

MARRIAGES.

In this city on the 26th ult. by the Rev. G. Coles Mr. Wm. Philipps to Miss Amanda Blackman both of Pine Plains, N. Y. On the 27th ult. by the Rev. G. Coles, Mr. Alexander Hoyer of Germantown, to Miss Catharine Clum, of Clermont Columbia Co. N. Y.

At Stockport, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. A. Bronson, Mr. Daniel Livingston, of Hudson, to Miss Mary Jane Moore of Stockport.

At Livingston, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crispell, Mr. Samuel Ten Broeck, to Miss Helen Brooks, all of Livingston.

At Claverack on the 5th by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Dr. Thomas T. Calkins of Germantown to Miss Francis Elizabeth Rossman of Claverack.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 31st ult. Marian daughter of Charles B. Nash, aged three months.

On the 3d inst. Robert son of Allen Reynolds, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 22d ult. James H. son of Edmond E. and Rachel Blake, aged 11 months and 19 days.

On the 24th ult. William, son of Robert Pitcher, aged 1 year, 4 months and 9 days.

On the 25th ult. Henry, son of Walter P. Knickerbacker, aged 5 years, 4 months and 17 days.

On the 27th ult. Elizabeth, daughter of Mary Coons.

On the 27th ult. Infant child of Philip Burger aged 6 mo.

On the 27th ult. Sarah Tobey aged 2 years.

On the 30th Marshal, son of Moncrief L. Ten Eyck, aged 1 year, 4 months and 21 days.

On the 30th ult. James Dellavergne.

On the 1st inst. Henry Buel, aged 7 years.

On the 3d inst. Sally Blake, in her 41st year.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Sarah wife of John L. Williams, in the 50th year of her age.

At Claverack, on the 6th inst. Joseph G. son of William A. and Caroline M. Jordan, aged 2 years, 3 months, and 10 days.

At Troy, on the afternoon of the 15th instant, Ursula wife of Wm. H. S. Wisans, late editor of the Cohoes Journal, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 20th ult. at New-York, Ellen, daughter of Jasper Suling, aged 1 year and 7 days.

In Providence R. I. on the 21st inst. Judith Peckham aged 80 years, relic of the late Reuben Peckham and daughter of the late Charles Jenkins, of this city.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

WOMAN.

BY AARON DE LANO.

When first, father Adam in Eden was placed,
No comfort, or joy, or bliss did he taste,
To cheer him, each bird vainly warbled a lay,
For slowly and sadly the hours passed away.

Each repining of Adam was noticed by heaven,
And for a companion, a woman was given;
To cheer, and encourage, to lighten each care,
To guard from temptation—each sorrow to share.

Alas! but a few short years passed away,
Ere Eve tempted to sin—he could but obey;
She gave him the apple, and then bade him eat;
Ah who'd disobey a being so sweet?

He ate; from that moment man ceased to be
From sorrow and care and unhappiness free,
From honor and bliss, he to infamy fell,
Because he obeyed his helpmate so well.

As in ages long past, 'tis exactly so now,
Before the mild influence of woman we bow,
Her actions we praise her person we love,
Account her an angel sent down from above.

And thus by obeying fair woman's laws,
Sure ruined we are, though we heed not the cause,
We alone blame ourselves for all the misdoing,
But continue to love the cause of our ruin.

Maine Village N. Y. 1848

For the Rural Repository.

Lines written on the Death of Sarah Eliza Daughter of
Wm. I and Amanda M. Decker.

BY T. CORNELL.

THERE is a stream whose equal flow
Bears sympathy for every woe,
And till that stream forbears to roll,
Let future hopes possess your soul,
The bud of promise which has fled,
The tender plant so quickly Dead,
Has gone to bloom like Aaron's rod,
Within the presence of its God.
The world perhaps has now no balm,
To soothe the Spirits it would calm,
No tribute, now to make amends,
For perished joys, or mourning friends,
Yet in the hour of silent grief,
When sorrowed feelings seek relief,
True sympathy may then impart,
Some solace to your wounded heart,
Dear friend no human power could save
Your ONLY child from early grave
No prayer was heard that it might live,
No care withheld, that you could give,
Disease rode on in grim array
Defied our means from day to day,
But tho' we're foiled and you're bereft,
Your daughter died an Angel's death,
In this affliction may you find
Sweet consolation for your mind;
May death invade your fold no more,
And time this loss to you restore,
And when you think of days gone by,
When thoughts on SARAH swell your eye,
May filial hands those tears repress
And filial forms your vision bless,
Tho' sore your lot, within one bound,
May friendship, home, and love be found,
May trials and afflictions cease,
Your life be long, your death be Peace.

New York, 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A DEPARTED SISTER.

"We miss thy song, when summer winds are sighing
With a low tone."—C. WADSWORTH.

We'er parted, oh! my sister dear, our last farewell is o'er,
An angel in the world of light thou dwellest evermore;
While here in grief and sorrow and loneliness I pine,
Though friends still linger round me yet no love is like to thine.

O! that I might yet once again gaze on thy marble brow
And hazel eyes, so beautiful, that darkly slumber now;
And meet thy smile so eloquent, like morning's dew-gemmed
flowers,
That, blossom wild in glen and glade through summer's flee-
ting hours.

In memory's mirror still I see thy neck of spotless snow,
And thy dark curls of silken hair that there did gently flow;
I list the music of thy voice, like harp's low breathing tone,
Which I shall ever, ever hear in memory alone.

Sweet was thy smile when'er a wreath of fragrant flowers I
brought—

The purple aster of the woods and the blue forget-me-not,
That faded ere the setting sun's last ray fell o'er the lea,
An emblem bright and beautiful, our cherished one, of thee.

I knew too well that we must part, when the fatal roseate
glow,
Appeared in dying loveliness upon thy cheek of snow;
Like the departing sunset rays, that linger on the hill,
Or the first flush on autumn leaves that tremble o'er the rill.

And when I saw thy dark eyes beam with such unearthly
ray,
And heard thy soft low voice of love grow fainter every day,
I knew too well that our cherished one ere long must pass
away,
And leave us sad and lonely upon life's desert way.

And O the last, last fatal hour when death had surely come
To bear our lovely flower away from our once bright happy
home,
When I beheld the paleness that o'er thy features stole,
I never, never can forget though ages by should roll.

I know thy stainless spirit pined from our shaded earth to go
To the land of rest beyond the stars, where crystal waters flow.
For ere thou didst take thine upward flight to the home of the
pure and blest,
Thou with a smile and a low faint voice didst say, "I soon
shall rest."

I know thou art now with the cherished ones thy soul so longed
to meet,
Where autumn winds and storms come not, and sorrow's
waves ne'er beat;
In that blissful haven far away where flowers forever bloom
In fadeless beauty, bright and fair, beyond the shadowy tomb.

Yet still for thee, my sister dear, I must forever mourn—
Thou who wast ever pure in heart—O! wilt thou not return?
Thou who didst ever from my cheek wipe off the falling tear,
And with kind words and looks of love my drooping spirit
cheer.

O! sister dearest, thou art gone, I hear thy voice no more,
The happy sun-hued, by-gone years are now forever o'er;
And ne'er again shall I roam with thee, when the violet
sweetly wakes,
At springtime hour when singing birds make music mid the
brakes.

Now on thy lowly couch of rest falls fast the cold white snow
And sadly there the wintry winds murmur a dirge of wo—
A requiem for the loved and lost, that sleeps in silence now,
With pale autumnal flowrets twined around her angel brow.

Adieu, adieu! my sister dear, we shall meet no more on earth,
Where summer's fairest blossoms fade, and genius' fame and
worth

Pass like the violets of the spring, O! never more to bloom—
Pearls in life's regal diadem, they deck the lonely tomb.

Bright summer will again return with birds and flowers fair,
But lonely shall I wander forth in the pure balm-laden air—
Alone in sorrow I must wreath a garland for the tomb,
Where my heart's treasures buried lie 'neath the willow's
waving gloom.

Yet in this world of pain and care I may not linger long,
I pine to join that kindred band, where swells the rapturous
song
Of Heaven's triumphant million's that trod earth's darksome
shore—

There shall we meet, my sister dear, to part, O! never more.
Westfield, N. Y. 1848. M. F. B.

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